The Umbra Witch's Son

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REWRITE of Bayonetta's Harry adoption fic. Bayonetta, after a night out on the town [fighting angels], stumbles upon a tiny, baby-like boy cleaning the gutters of a house. She takes pity on him, and takes him under her wing.

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Introduction

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On a cold night, with a beatiful full moon in the sky, we see a woods. The woods was typically quiet, with nothing but deer hanging about. But tonight? It was a battleground. Large, porcelain-like creatures floated between the trees. Their purpose? Hunt the Witch. Said witch was watching them from behind the trees. She smirked as she looked up at them. "How cute." She sauntered out from behind the tree, drawing her favourite handgun, Scarborough Fair. Her hair was piled high in a beehive style, and her heels made her exceptionally tall. Her dark presence and clicking heels alerted the Angels to her presence. This was the Left Eye of the World...Bayonetta. "Hello there, everyone." She said casually. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything!" The Angels said nothing, only rushed to face her, eagerly. Bayonetta smirked and adjusted her glasses. She blew one of them away with a shot to the face, kicked another into ash, and used Wicked Weaves to tear another angel to shreds. She was quite disappointed. This was oh so easy. Where was the fun? After 5 minutes of completely dominating the Angels into submission, Bayonetta blew the Fairy Soul that was drifting away from her gun, in a similar manner to that of a cowboy blowing smoke from his gun barrel. With her mission complete, Bayonetta set off to find herself some fun elsewhere. She WAS incredibly disappointed, and bored however. It was just pitiful, the performance that the Angel's put on. She sighed...maybe there was more fun in the boring suburban area she suddenly found herself in? She doubted it, but it couldn't hurt to look, right? And so, the witch began the hunt for entertainment. Little did she know she'd find FAR more than that...

Meanwhile, a young child, no more than the age of 3, was sitting alone in a dark cupboard. He would've been bawling, but he was taught painfully, that crying was very very bad... Harry Potter had done his chores...rather poorly today. He just...couldn't do them! He was too weak and malnourished to accomplish them well. He sat underneath his blanket with tears threatening to pour from his eyes. The worst part? Someone, namely his portly uncle, ripped open the

cabinet door and pulled him away from his comfortable position. "YOU! Go outside and clean the damn gutters!" Vernon demanded. WHY was he making a child clean the gutters? He was hoping the child would fall off. The toddler let out a little babble. That was his way of showing he understood. Unfortunately, Vernon misinterpreted it as an argument. "DON'T TALK BACK TO ME!" The British Fat Man yelled, kicking Harry in the back and sending him to the ground. Harry almost started crying...but he forced it down and ran to the door, jumping up to the knob to get it open.

He had such a hard time doing it. He took too long. Uncle Vernon got mad. Vernon slapped Harry off the porch deck and onto the cold hard concrete outside. Harry whimpered and stood back up, legs shaking. Every step was strainful. His Uncle had been kind enough to leave a ladder out for him... Harry climbed up the freezing metal slowly, his body still being small and making the climb all the more difficult. When he got to the top...he realized he didn't know what a Gutter was. He whimpered and shivered. He was cold, tired, hungry, in pain... Oh so much pain... He decided that the only thing that needed to be cleaned was the disgusting slop in the weird bucket things hanging off the roof. So Harry pushed his hands into it...and got to work. As Harry threw the much off the roof, an Umbran Witch had spotted the child on top of the roof from across the street. Her eyebrow raised, and her curiosity grew. "Whatever in the world is that child doing?" She mused, putting a hand on her hip. "He's not even dressed properly!" She watched him from a distance before she caught sight of him stand up, further revealing his gross, disgusting clothing. With her interest peaked, she moved towards him, heels clicking. Unfortunately, the clanging of metal on asphalt finally reached Harry's ears. He tensed up and tried to find a place to hide. But all he EFFECTIVELY did was slip on a wet patch of roof and tumble forwards, right off the roof. Reacting quickly, Bayonetta activated Witch Time, and rushed up to him. She caught him effortlessly. She took a moment to study him. He was so small and cute. He had very shaggy black hair, tangled, oily and greasy. His arms were frail, short, and much too...off looking. Not like a real child's arms should. There was ZERO baby fat on this obvious baby.

She tisked and unfroze time. Harry was still screaming. He was falling! He...wasn't falling...? Something was holding him... Some...one! He looked up to see, what he thought, was the most beautiful woman. But in his mind, he thought the lady was pretty. The woman had a piercing stare...and she was looking at him. She spoke, with a very heavy British accent. "Well...looks like you could've suffered a nasty fall, huh love?"

He blinked as she spoke and tilted his head. "Nateefaw..." He babbled out softly.

Bayonetta set him on his feet and crouched down in front of him, still towering above him. "So what's a little tot like you doing on a roof at midnight?" She said sultrily, sizing him up.

"Hafcweenguta..." He replied softly. "Oungavenonhit."

Bayonetta...didn't understand much of what he was saying. But, she went along. The poor dear couldn't even SPEAK! "Okay then...where are your mummy and daddy?" She asked

"Momydaygone. Thedowanme." Harry believed, thanks to his relatives, that his parents had abandoned him because they thought he was a freak.

THIS, Bayonetta understood...sadly. She cooed and put a hand over her heart. "I'm so sorry to hear that, child. Who's taking care of you?" She questioned.

"Aunungle." He explained. "Theyhame..."

Bayonetta scowled. Abusive relatives...being treated like an outcast amongst those you were related to... Bayonetta could relate, being raised among the likes of Umbran Witches as a black sheep. Out of nowhere she felt strangely obligated to...HELP this child. Her brain gave her these strange feelings, telling her to hug him and kiss him. To hold him tight and not let go. "...I think someone needs to have a chat with your family, love." Bayonetta said, trying to stay calm. "A

nice...long...chat." At that, Bayonetta stood, picking up Harry with her. She set the little one against her hip and walked over to the front door, heels still clicking. With serene grace, Bayonetta shot the doorknob off of the entrance. Harry gasped and whimpered, the Loud noise scaring him. "Oh, don't be alarmed. It won't hurt you." She assured him, patting his head. He whimpered in response and Bayonetta continued walking into the house. A primal scream of fury was heard from the living room. Bayonetta watched the toddler's reaction, which was him threatening to sob.

"Oh, don't be afraid, little one." She cooed gently, stroking his hair. "He'll be dealt with in two seconds at the very most." The fat man came around the corner, into the hallway where Bayonetta was. She pulled her hand into her hair, and summoned a weapon, like she summoned a demon. It was her blade, Shuraba. The man's eyes bulged from their sockets in shock. Bayonetta smirked. "So do you have a weapon in those oversized trousers of yours, or are you just happy to see me?" She said smugly. The Fat man tried to strangle her as he jumped, in a way that could be passed off as tackling. Bayonetta activated Witch Time, then covered Harry's face. She couldn't let such innocent eyes witness this! After that she pointed Shuraba at the man, then proceeded to slash him twice across the chest. The Katana glowed, purple energy pulsing off of it. Vernon Dursley's eyes sunk, his expression turning blank as Bayonetta RIPPPED OUT HIS VERY SOUL. "Hmm...Not much there, now, is there? You truly are one soulless bastard." She said calmly. With her job done, she took another look at the boy. What could she do with him...? Surely she couldn't just send him to an orphanage... The feelings from before came back, even more intense. She made her decision then and there. She was going to take him with her. And she was going to make him happy. "Well, love, it looks like you'll have a new home from now on." She said calmly. The boy tilted his head, confused. She started to stroke his brow slowly. "How would you like to come with me, darling? I'LL be your mummy."

Harry gasped. "Mummy...?" His first truly clear words...

Bayonetta nodded and smiled. "That's right! Your dearest mummy." She cooed.

"MUMMY!" Harry cheered, hugging her. "Yay!" In Harry's mind, this woman who had saved him from death WAS his mother! In his mind, his mother had returned! Now he wasnt going to be beaten! But...didn't she think he was a gross freak? "Yoofinkifreek?" He asked softly, tearing up slightly. "Nofreky?"

Bayonetta shook her head and cooed at him. "Of course not love. You're just a poor little dear who needs love." She told him. It was painful to her heart... Bayonetta hadn't ever felt this way about children. She always thought they were a nuisance until now. But this child...He needed her. DESPERATELY. So, her mind was made up. This little dear was hers...forever. And nothing would get in her way. "Yes yes...hug it out with mummy. Then let's get you home."

"Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!" The little boy chanted. "My mummy!" Bayonetta laughed down at him, enjoying how quickly his mood had changed. Slipping into Purgatorio, Bayonetta strutted off into the night.

later

Rodin did a spit take at the sight of Bayonetta strutting up to his shop while carrying a bouncing baby. "...What in the hell's goin' on here?" He said with a raised brow. Bayonetta smirked.

"Don't swear TOO much dear boy, there are innocent ears about." She purred, taking a seat on a stool with Harry in her lap. Rodin snorted and waved her off.

"Luka's gonna flip when'e sees this... The hell were you thinking trying to be this kids mom? Thought you hated kids."

"Oh, I did. But this is no mere child. This is an angel. And I certainly don't mean the monstrous creatures I fight on a day to day basis. He's a pure, innocent angel."

Rodin rolled his eyes behind his sunglasses. Harry on the other hand, blushed red. Bayonetta rubbed circles on his back, and Rodin replied with, "Jeanne is in the back."

"Oh, is she now?" Bayonetta replied, focusing on Harry. "How nice..." The toddler was just repeating "mummy" over and over again, and happily nuzzling his newfound guardians stomach. Rodin called back for Jeanne, while Bayonetta contently rubbed his head. She liked these feelings...of someone looking up to her. She didn't notice when Jeanne entered the room. She didn't notice her utterly shocked expression. She didn't notice when she cleared her throat to get her attention. Harry did, and he turned to look at the woman. Bayonetta followed his gaze. Then she blinked. "Oh hello Jeanne.~"

"Hello... I see you've been busy..." Jeanne replied, eyebrow raised.

Bayonetta grinned. "Of course I have! Harry love, meet your Aunt Jeanne." She said sultrily to her adopted son.

"Hello there, child." Jeanne replied. "...So who's the lucky man?"

Bayonetta flashed her a wink. "No one dear, he's just someone I retrieved." She told her best friend.

Jeanne blinked. "So, you kidnapped him."

"Well, from a TECHNICAL standpoint, yes. But really, it WAS for the greater good." Bayonetta replied coolly.

Jeanne sized up the child and immediately knew what the damage was. She nodded at Bayonetta, then replied, "God sakes... You two could be related."

"Oh? You think so?" Bayonetta asked. "I never noticed any resemblance myself..."

Jeanne shrugged and sat across from her friend. "What's the tots name?" She asked

"Oh, this is Harry." Bayonetta replied. "Fittingly enough..." She said teasingly as she ruffled the boy's shaggy hair.

Jeanne nodded. "Such an interesting name... And how do you intend to raise him with Angels all over the damn place? You KNOW our society is all Female." Jeanne listed, telling her the details of why raising him might be a bad idea.

Bayonetta rolled her eyes. "Well, I did perfectly fine raising my past self, didn't I?" She replied curtly.

Jeanne grinned. "That's exactly what I was hoping to hear. Make sure not a hair on his head is harmed!"

"Well, of course." Bayonetta replied. "I'll kill anyone who tries."

She said this with a smirk on her face while almost smothering Harry in her chest in a hug. Jeanne laughed at her antics. "You'll do wonderful."

"I know, sister." Bayonetta replied casually. "I know."

Harry suddenly yawned loudly, getting the Witch's attention. "M-Mummymmsweepy..." He muttered.

"Sleepy, hmm? All right then, let's take you home and get you all settled in nice and snug." Bayonetta replied with a smirk. Harry giggled and nodded. His mommy was so pretty... He liked her a lot! He was happy. And safe. He could get used to this...